THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, April 10, 1809.

Narrative of the Sufferings of the Crew of two Schooners, Part of the Squadron of General Miranda, which were taken by two Spanish Guarda-Costas, in June, 1806; written by one of the Sufferers who made his Escape.

(Concluded from Page 270.)

THOSE nineteen prisoners who were sentenced to the Castle Bocca Chica, (Little Mouth) which is situated at the mouth of the harbour of Carthagena, were taken out, and put to labour in the town of Carthagena; their irons were taken off, an iron band put round each of their ancles, with a staple in it, by which two persons were chained together, with a large ox-chain, about twenty feet long, and weighing fifty or eighty pounds; they were then put to labour with the common criminal convict slaves of the place. Their labour consists principally in digging, fetching and carrying large stones and sand, for the purpose of building fortifications, &c. this they do upon a hand-barrow. After they get their load upon the hand-barrow, they place upon it their chains, which would otherwise drag upon the ground, and proceed to carry it wherever it may be wanted.

When they were let out to labour, being almost naked, the scorching sun was so powerful, as to raise blisters upon the part exposed to the heat; the middle of the day was almost insupportable, many would faint and fall under the load they were compelled to carry—this, instead of exciting pity, would only bring upon them the lash of the negro slave-driver, who attended them. At first they suffered much for want of hats; these they procured out of the money which was allowed them to live upon; the large straw hats were of great service in

screening much of their bodies from the sun. After labouring in this manner for some time, they became more accustomed to the climate, their skins were soon tanned from white to brown, and the heat became more endurable. They are called up in the morning by their drivers, at day-light, and put to work. At noon and night they are permitted to eat whatever they can procure with their scanty pittance; at night they are locked up in a prison, where they rest 'till morning. They passed and re-passed the prison where their fellow-countrymen were confined, but were not permitted to have any access to them. Whenever any one was sick, he was sent to the slaves hospital, where he remained 'till his health was recovered. In this manner they still continue to wear out their wearied lives.

Soon after their imprisonment, several were attacked with fevers, the flux, black jaundice, and other disorders that prevail during the sickly season. Their complaints were little attended to by their keepers; no assistance was offered them at first; they were obliged to endure their sickness, lying upon the hard tiles of the prison floor. At length, one of the prisoners, by the name of John Burk, died; this excited more attention to their complaints, and shortly afterwards, they were indulged with the liberty of going to the hospital whenever they were unwell.

The prisoners, seeing no prospect of meliorating their condition, turned their attention to the making of a breach in the wall of the prison. Every convenient moment that could be embraced, with safety, was appropriated to that purpose, not only during the night, but sometimes during the day. The person from whom detection was most to be feared, was the sentinel at the door, and by watching his motions through the grates, they might direct the one at work, in such a manner as to avoid suspicion. During the night, a lamp was kept continually burning in the back part of the prison, for the benefit of the sentinel; and as the prisoners had little else to do in the day time, except indulge themselves in sleep and rest, it was generally the case that more or less of them were up during the night, walking the floor for exercise and air. This practice was now regularly pursued, that the noise of their irons and their talk, might drown the noise of the hammer. The hole where they were at work, was at the farther end of the prison, and about eighty feet from the door, so that no uncommon noise, beyond what was constantly made amongst so many prisoners, was required to deceive the ears of the sentinel. The wall, through which they expected to pass, was about thirteen feet thick, and was made of stones, bricks, and mortar, cemented together; the stones were not of the hardest kind, but generally such as are found along the sea shore, from whence they were brought. After one night's work was over, and just

before

before morning, the pieces of stone, brick, and mortar, &c. which came from the hole, were by means of water and lime, which was privately procured, made into a kind of mortar and replaced into the hole; the outside rubbed over with a little white-wash; and the old hammock hung before it as usual. So that the keeper when he came into the prison, seeing every thing in its proper place, his suspicion was not excited, nor had he any curiosity to make any particular examinations.

In this manner they continued to pursue their labour, alternately relieving each other, particularly those who made their escape, the principal part of the rest being averse to the attempt, conceiving it hazardous, and that it possibly might involve them in a worse situation; but Mr. Lippincott, Sherman, and Smith, were determined to persevere, and take the risque and blame upon themselves. Sometimes the sickness and removal of several of the prisoners to the hospital, would cause a cessation of their progress for a while, but it was again renewed upon their recovery.

In order to be prepared to rid themselves of their irons, by the time the hole through the walls should be completed, or upon any other favourable occasion, they procured (by certain out-door assistance) several old knives, which by means of a file they made into saws; with these, while some were engaged at the walls, others were busy sawing upon their bolts, which passed through their ancle-irons, and connected them together; when they ceased sawing, the saw-cuts, made in the bolts, they filled up with wax, by which means they could scarcely be discovered upon inspection. After several months sawing, occasionally in this manner, they had succeeded in sawing their bolts so far off as to be enabled, with their hands, by bending them backwards and forwards, to break them apart; this being done they filled the cuts up with wax, and remained in that situation, prepared to throw them off whenever occasion required.

Those who were sick at the hospital, having recovered, returned to their prison, and commenced working at the breach in the wall, with all possible diligence. Mr. Lippincott and Mr. Sherman had previously received from a friend certain advances in money, for which they gave him their bills on their friends in America. This money was privately smuggled into their prison. To this they were in a great measure indebted for their subsequent success. They were now enabled to obtain many things in prison necessary for carrying on their operations; they procured knives, files, &c. and a sufficiency of provisions, by which they were enabled to recover strength to encounter the intended attempt. Many other advantages they derived from this source, which it is not conceived necessary here to enumerate.

They had now, after about seven months diligent labour, though interrupted at intervals, so far finished the hole as to reach the outside of the prison walls; a few minutes would complete it, so as to enable them to pass out.

About this time one of the prisoners, Mr. Jeremiah Powell, received a pardon from the king of Spain, and was discharged from his imprisonment.

On or about the 7th of November, 1807, about eleven o'clock at night, after the usual hour of rest, they prepared to take French leave of their old serjeant. They divided the number of prisoners, who were willing to risque the danger, into different companies, for better safety after they were out. Mr. Lippincott and Sherman formed one company by themselves. They then drew lots to ascertain who should first venture out, and the order in which they should proceed. The principal immediate danger to be apprehended, was from the sentinels upon the top of the wall, who might not happen to be asleep upon their post. The person who drew the first chance to go out, happened to be a prisoner who was unwell, and accordingly declined going. Mr. Lippincott, and Mr. Sherman, agreed with him to take his chance off his hands.

Mr. Sherman having taken off his irons, first went out; immediately Mr. Lippincott followed, and the rest pursued in their order; no noise was made, and the sentry remained undisturbed. Lippincott and Sherman crept round the walls of the town, until they came to a river, on the other side of which was a small village. After travelling up and down the shore of this river, they discovered a canoe hauled up before the door of a Spanish hut; this with great difficulty they dragged into the river, notwithstanding they were molested by dogs, whose noise was nearly thwarting their attempt. After effecting this, they crossed over, landed near a guard-house, and were nearly falling into the hands of the guard; owing to the darkness of the night, however, they avoided them. Here they travelled about in search of a place where they could be concealed for the ensuing day, until being weak and fatigued with the difficulties they had encountered, their strength failed them, and they sat, or rather fell down in the street. It was nearly day-light, and they had but a short time to provide for their safety; at length, discovering a light in a small hut at some distance, they approached it; they made themselves known to the poor tenants, as prisoners in distress, and immediately offered them two or three pieces of gold; they shook their heads, but upon doubling the sum they consented to receive, and secrete them for a short time. They remained in this situation until the next night, when they made their escape to another place, where they remained secreted for several weeks, when they made another

ther move, trusting to their friend, which they carried in their pockets.

The other sixteen prisoners took a course along the edge of the shore, except Moses Smith, who being somewhat unwell, and unable to proceed, concealed himself in the bushes, where he lay until the second night, during which time the cavalry and other soldiers passed by, and were near falling upon him in pursuit of the prisoners. He crept out, and taking the course that Mr. Lippincott and Sherman had taken, crossed the river, where he again concealed himself until the ensuing night, being two days without eating. The next day he came across a friend who informed him where he could find Mr. Lippincott and Sherman; they received him in with them, and afforded him their assistance. Shortly afterwards all three, Mr. Lippincott, Sherman, and Smith, embarked on board of a boat that they procured for that purpose, and put to sea in expectation of being picked up by some English vessel off the harbour. This expectation was realized, though not by an English vessel, and after a voyage of thirty-one days, they arrived safe in the United States in January, 1808, when they proceeded to their homes at Philadelphia and New-York, having been absent more than two years, and nearly two years in prison.

The other fifteen prisoners pursued the edge of the shore for about ten miles, when their progress was intercepted by a river, or ferry; in pursuing this river up and down, in order to cross, they happened all to meet at an old Spaniard's house, for the purpose of procuring means to cross over. The Spaniard immediately knew who they were, and began to ask them some questions, and offered his services to assist them, which they gladly accepted. He engaged with them, that upon their giving him what money they had, he would conceal them that night, and the next ensuing night would carry them to the Indian territory, about 40 miles from Carthagena, where they might easily make their escape. This agreement they concluded, and paid him what money they had, being in the whole about 50 dollars. The next day the Spaniard was informed that the governor had offered ten dollars a head for them. This reward he found would amount to more than he had received from the prisoners; accordingly he went, and most treacherously made an agreement with the governor to give them up. The next night, towards evening, he, together with two or three other Spaniards, took the prisoners on board of a boat to carry them to the place agreed upon. After passing along by the town, he rowed them to the shore, under some pretence or other, when immediately appeared about 50 armed soldiers and horsemen, according to appointment, ready to receive them,

them, and instantly took them into custody, and carried them back to their prison.

Biography of the late Lieutenant-General Sir John Moore, K. B.

(Concluded from Page 267.)

AFTER spending a few days in England, Sir John was sent with a body of troops to Portugal; and as hopes were entertained that the Spaniards would be able to vindicate their independence, and put a stop to the progress of the hitherto victorious French, he was ordered to advance to their assistance. He accordingly marched forward with his troops, and, amidst innumerable difficulties, reached Toro. On December 28, 1808, we find him at Benevente, anterior to which point, he describes the army as "almost constantly marching through snow, and with cold that has been very intense. The weather within these few days," adds he, "has turned to rain, which is much more uncomfortable than the cold, and has rendered the roads almost impassable. On the 21st the army reached Salagun; it was necessary to halt there, in order to refresh the men, and on account of provisions. The information that I received was, that Marshal Soult was at Saldana with 16,000 men, with posts along the river from Guarda to Carrion."

No sooner did this object present itself to his view, than the lieutenant-general determined on striking a blow. He accordingly gave orders for his troops to advance in two columns, on the night of the 23d; but, during that very evening, he received intelligence that the enemy had obtained considerable reinforcements. This, however, would not have prevented him from carrying his resolution into effect, had not the marquis de la Romana informed him, nearly at the same time, that the French were advancing from Madrid, either to Valladolid, or Salamanca.

On this, a retreat was instantly resolved on, and Lord Paget was placed with the cavalry, so as to give notice of the first approach of the enemy's infantry, their horse having already advanced. On the 30th of December, Sir John arrived at Astorga, when he proceeded to Villa Franca, and continued to move on towards Corunna, amidst innumerable difficulties, such, in fine, as scarcely ever occurred before. On this occasion, a large portion of the cavalry was destroyed, in consequence of the severity of the service, while many of the officers and men died from fatigue alone. To prevent the military chest from falling into the hands of the enemy, some

thousands of dollars intended for the pay of the troops were buried; but the object that lay nearest the heart of the general was the preservation of the cannon, the safety of which is looked upon as a point of honour, among military men. It may be easily conceived, that at such a period, every thing likely to encumber the troops, was thrown away, and it has even been said, although perhaps without foundation, that, at the passage of the last bridge, a sufficiency of tools to cut it down was not to be obtained.

At length, the port of Corunna, being the place destined for the embarkation, presented itself to the view of an army, already overcome with the difficulties of a long and fatiguing march, during which they were but scantily supplied with food. At the same time, however, the pursuing enemy appeared in sight, an enemy flushed with their recent victories over the native Spaniards, and not a little boastful that they had beheld the English for the first time flying before the conquering eagles.

About two o'clock, in the afternoon of the 16th of January, 1809, after forming various columns for that purpose, the attack took place on the front of the British position. The part against which it happened to be first directed, was the right, occupied by Lieutenant-General Sir David Baird, the second in command, who received a severe wound, in consequence of which he was obliged to leave the field. The commander in chief, who had instantly proceeded to the scene of action, made the most able dispositions, and forced the French to alter their original intentions; for being unable to force the right wing, they endeavoured to turn it, but without effect, and they soon beheld their own left threatened by the movements that ensued.

Their next effort was against the centre, but there again they were manfully resisted; on which, varying their designs according to circumstances, they obtained possession of a neighbouring village, and advanced against the left of the British line. But there again, they were foiled, and obliged to give way.

Meanwhile Sir John Moore, who had exerted himself with his usual animation, fell like Wolfe, in the moment of victory.* His death was occasioned by a cannon ball, which struck him in a mortal part, and he was carried towards Corunna in a blanket, supported by sashes. While his wound was probed, he said to an officer, whom he desired to attend him during the short period he had to live, "You know I have always wished to die this way!" Although suffering great pain, he appeared eager to speak again, and the first question put by him

* He was advancing at the head of the 42d, which he had just addressed in a short speech.

him was, "Are the French beaten?" On being assured of this fact by several officers, who arrived in succession, he exclaimed—"I hope the people of England will be satisfied! I hope my country will do me justice!" Then addressing himself to one of his aide-de-camps, he continued—"You will see my friends as soon as you possibly can—tell them every thing—say to my mother———." There his voice failed; but he resumed soon after in a still weaker tone—"Hope—Hope—I—I have much to say, but cannot get it out——Is Colonel Graham, and are all my aides-de-camp well?——I have made my will, and remembered my servants!"

On the appearance of Major Colbourne, his principal aide-de-camp, he spoke most kindly to him, and then turning about to another, he continued—"Remember you go to ———, and tell him that it is my request, and that I expect he will befriend Major Colborne; he has long been with me, and I know him most worthy of it." He then asked the major, "if the French were beaten;" and, on hearing they were repulsed on every point, he said, "It was a great satisfaction in his last moments, to know he had beaten the French!"

After this, he enquired if General Paget was present? and on being answered in the negative, begged "to be remembered to him."

"I feel myself so strong," added he, "I fear I shall be long dying; I am in great pain!" He then thanked the medical men for their attention, and after speaking kindly to Captains Stanhope and Percy, he pressed to his heart the hand of the first aide-de-camp who came to his assistance, and died in a few minutes, without so much as a struggle.

Thus fell, in the prime of life, at the age of 47 years,* surrounded by his suite, mourned by his companions in arms, and at the conclusion of a critical victory, which preserved the remainder of his army from destruction, Lieutenant-General Sir John Moore, a name that will be long dear to his country. His brilliant exploits have already been detailed, and it only remains to observe, that in the course of these, he received no fewer than six wounds; one in the head from a shell, at Corsica; three in Holland, before he could be prevailed upon to leave the field; a musket-shot in the leg in Egypt did not interrupt his exertions; and a cannon ball in Spain bereaved his country for ever of his services!

On the 25th of January, the earl of Liverpool, as secretary of state for the home department, while moving the thanks of the house to those officers, who had gained the battle of Co-

 runna,

* Sir John Moore was born at Glasgow, November 13, 1761. He received the honour of knighthood, and the order of the Bath, on his return from Egypt.

runna, paid a high eulogium to the memory of the departed general, " whose whole life," he said, " had been devoted to the service of his country, for there was scarcely any action of importance during the two last wars, in which he had not participated." In the course of the same night, Lord Castlereagh, in his official capacity, as minister at war, expressed his sorrow at the " loss of one of the ablest of our generals; possessing in an eminent degree every valuable quality that can dignify the man, and enhance the superiority of the soldier; at once in the prime of life, and the prime of professional desert; giving in the evidence of his past life the best assurance of what might be expected from his zeal, intrepidity, and talents." He concluded with the following motion:— " That an humble address be presented to his majesty, requesting that a monument be erected in the cathedral of St. Paul, to the memory of the late Lieutenant-General Sir John Moore, knight of the bath, who, after an honourable and meritorious life, fell by a cannon ball, in the action near Corunna, on the 16th of January, 1809, after having, by his judicious dispositions, skill, and gallantry, repulsed an enemy of superior force, and secured to the troops under his command a safe and unmolested embarkation."—The motion passed unanimously.

A copy of the elegant tribute paid to his memory, by the duke of York, as commander in chief, is given in the 126th page of our present volume.

We shall now conclude with some observations relative to his family. Dr. Moore, the father of the general, died a few years since, leaving behind him a most excellent character in private life, and a high reputation in the republic of letters. His mother, whom he mentioned with his dying breath, still survives her eldest son, and is not only deeply afflicted by his loss, but has to bewail the deplorable situation of his brother Charles, who has been recently deprived of his faculties.

Mrs. Moore resides at Cobham, in Surrey. She was a daughter of the late Dr. Simson, professor of divinity in the university of Glasgow, and a near relation of Professor Robert Simson, the restorer of ancient geometry. Mrs. Porteus, an aunt of the general, is still alive at Glasgow, and another, Mrs. Mackintosh, lately died in that neighbourhood.

Mr. James Moore, a surgeon of great promise, in 1789, obtained a prize medal from the Lyceum Medicum Londinense; Captain Graham Moore fought a gallant action in the Melampus, and took the Ambuscade, of 40 guns. He acted as commodore of the fleet that conveyed the prince regent and royal family of Portugal to the Brazils; while Mr. Francis Moore, after being some time private secretary to the duke of Leeds, is now deputy secretary to the war-office.

On the 8th of February, 1809, a subscription was opened in Glasgow, for erecting a monument to the memory of the late General Sir John Moore, K. B. when 1500l. was immediately raised for that purpose, and has since been increased to between 3 and 4000l. and next day, being a national fast, his fellow-citizens attended divine service in mourning.

Description of the prevailing Fashions for Ladies and Gentlemen.

[From Ackermann's Repository of Arts, Fashions, Manufacture, &c.]

FULL DRESS.

WHITE satin dress, with purple body, and long sleeves slashed at the top; bows of purple ribbon down the front. Mantle of purple, lined with white silk, bordered with gold, and edged with swansdown. Gold net cap with white feathers. White shoes, gloves, and fan. Necklace, ear-rings, and other ornaments, of gold.

WALKING DRESS.

A tunic of lilac silk, clasped down the front with gold ornaments; a cloak of the same colour attached, so as to unite closely behind, but to fall loose over the shoulders, fixed on the shoulders with golden ornaments; the cloak is lined with white or straw-coloured silk, and ornamented with a border of gold. Bonnet and boots of the same colour. Raised spotted muslin under-dress, with loose sleeves, bound at the arms and wrist. Gold necklace, and York tan gloves.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

Red cloaks are at length completely abandoned, and we congratulate our lovely readers on their emancipation from the most despotic dress that ever was introduced by the whimsical and arbitrary goddess of fashion. The writer of this article predicted, on their first appearance, that a colour so disadvantageous to beauty, could never become prevalent. "Let them," said he, "enwrap themselves with an immense blaze of red, it will come to nothing at last." And so it has turned out; our promenades presented us with an assemblage of pallid and ghastly spectres, who, though "forbidden to tell the secrets of their prison-house," carried about with them the visible signs of torture, and appeared literally robed in flame.

Pea-green is a colour generally introduced in spring, for what reason we know not, except it be intended to harmonize with

with the verdure with which, at this season, all nature is beginning to be clothed, though some may doubt whether a notion of harmony ever entered the inventive brain of a fashionable dress-maker. However this may be, we must enter our decided protest against it; and we entreat our fair readers not to adopt a colour so directly in opposition to good taste, and in which no face or form, be it majestic as Juno, or beautiful as Hebe, can ever appear with advantage and effect. Lilac, purple, all the varieties of blue, with the still greater varieties of grey, are open to their choice. If green must be selected, let it be the deep and rich hue of the Spanish fly, rather than that worst and vilest of all colours, pea-green.

Mr. Adair's treaty with the Sublime Porte will, doubtless, introduce amongst our spring fashions a profusion of Turkish turbans, janizary jackets, mosque slippers, and a thousand similar whimsicalities; all of which (provided a northern coalition be accomplished) must speedily give way to Russian cloaks, hussar caps, Cossack mantles, Danish robes, &c. &c. so that by the setting in of the dog-days, our ladies will stand a chance of being arrayed in the complete costume of all the shivering nations of the north. Such is the capricious system introduced and acted upon in the empire of the despotic goddess of fashion! When shall the dress of the British fair be established upon the simple and unerring principles of nature? and when shall those principles be adopted as the barometer of good taste? We have not the vanity to promise ourselves the complete accomplishment of these objects, but to that end all our endeavours shall be directed. Nothing shall appear in our pages but what is strictly compatible with good taste, so that while we discover and expose errors, we will not be wanting in our endeavours to point out the remedy.

Fashions for Gentlemen.

The prevailing colours for both dress and morning coats, are dark blue, olive, and bottle green, with silver and gilt basket buttons; long waist, and long skirt; but upon the whole, the fashionable coat is very short, and must not come lower than within four inches of the knee. The lappels are rather long, and come even with the hip buttons. The collar is made high, thinly padded, and to fall back two inches.

The dress coat has round cuffs without buttons, with pockets under flaps; the morning coat, sleeves with slits, and three large buttons. The sleeves are worn very long.

The waistcoat is single-breasted; flaps, with small regimental skirts, the collar within that of the coat; it is made of striped marcella, of various shades, but buff colours are the most fashionable. Breeches of a light drab colour, made rather long

and tight. For pantaloons, the stuffs generally worn are double-milled stocking and prince of Wales's striped kerseymere.

Ejaculations at the Grave of Sir John Moore.

HUSH, winds of night! pour not your howlings on the ear of grief! Here, at the grave of valour, let me pause; and pausing, let me mourn the fate of Moore!

Undaunted chieftain! doom'd to die on victory's bleeding breast; far from thy home, thy country, and thy friends; laid in an undistinguished grave, wept but by those, thy brave companions in the war! Yet, to a soul like thine, one tear of valour dropping for thy fate, cheers like the dew of heaven, when falling on the fragile flower that bends its sinking head to earth. Yet shall thy venerating country wreath thy name with all its best-loved, much lamented heroes; and it shall go to after-times, entwined in glorious union with those of Wolfe, of Abercromby, and of Nelson! who all, like thee, in victory's inspiring moment, sunk on the laurell'd bed of death, which thus was robbed of half its terrors!

England will embalm thy memory in marble; a high-wrought tomb will tell thy deeds of valour, and thy death! Ages yet unborn will view it, and admire! But time, that slow, yet sure destroyer,

"Will make the tell-tale marble's surface plain,"

and crumble into dust the sculptured figures that adorn it. But o'er thy glorious name time will have no influence; its ever-living fame will, when time is no more, be found in bright eternity's vast page!

The spot that holds thy sacred dust will be respected, even by the men who were thine enemies; but to the rising heroes of thy native land, 'twill be a place of pilgrimage; hither they will come, and, as they view thy unembellished grave, a pensive sigh for Moore will burst from every bosom; but every bosom that contains a heart of valiant mould, will feel an ardent glow to emulate thy fame, and gain the honours that await a name of glory, e'en though 'twere purchased dearly as was thine.

Thus, then, let me apostrophize thy memory:—

If ever poet penn'd a theme of praise,
Embalming valour's mem'ry in his lays;
If ever fame's immortal wreath was due,
That wreath, that theme, belongs, oh Moore! to you.

For

For your great genius gave the battle pow'r,
Tho' fate had destin'd it thy final hour!
Britain must mourn so brave a warrior lost,
His life-blood streaming on Iberia's coast;
But ah! not unreveng'd he yields his breath,
A vict'ry consecrates the hero's death!
Wolfe! Abercromby! Nelson! names how blest!
Like thee, they fell on vict'ry's crimson'd breast!
Unfading honours wait on each great name,
And thine, with their's, shall find eternal fame!

J. M. L.

INTERESTING TRIALS.

SHREWSBURY SPRING ASSIZES.

At Nisi Prius, before Mr. Baron Wood.

JONES *v.* OWEN, ESQ.

THIS was an action brought by the plaintiff against the defendant for the seduction of his daughter, and the defendant had pleaded, first, that he was not guilty, and also, that he had leave and licence from the plaintiff to debauch his daughter. Mr. Dauncy, in a most eloquent speech, commented on the infamous plea set up by the defendant, and stated to the jury, that the plaintiff had been an innkeeper at Market Drayton, in that county, and that the defendant was at this time a lieutenant in the 16th regiment of light dragoons. That when the defendant first became acquainted with the plaintiff's family, he was a captain in the Shropshire volunteers; that the defendant came with the regiment on permanent duty to Market Drayton, and the head-quarters were at the plaintiff's house; that the defendant while there paid great attention to the daughter of the plaintiff, and made her offers of marriage; but that she most prudently referred him to her father for his consent; having obtained the father's consent, he continued to pay his addresses to the daughter, 'till he purchased a lieutenancy in the 16th, when being obliged to join his regiment, he offered to marry her privately, which offer she refused; he joined his regiment, and was absent about twelve months, during which time the plaintiff, by misfortune, was reduced in his circumstances, and obliged to leave the inn; during the time of the defendant's absence, a correspondence was kept up between him and the plaintiff's daughter. On the defendant's return to Market Drayton on the recruiting service he was informed of the plaintiff's circumstances being much reduced,

reduced, by the daughter, who begged that their acquaintance might be dropped; but the defendant assuring her that her father's misfortunes should be no impediment to their marriage, the acquaintance was renewed, and in the month of March, 1808, he seduced her, and shortly afterwards left the place. She communicated to him her situation, and he wrote to her, promising to return and marry her as soon as his affairs were settled in Wales. After some time, he ceased writing to her, and her brother, in consequence, went to him at Woodbridge, to know his determination; he again repeated to him his determination to marry his sister, and promised to return in three weeks for that purpose; he, however, did not return, and she was afterward delivered of a son. Mr. Dauncy's statement was fully proved by the plaintiff's daughter, a very interesting girl, her brother, and the Rev. Mr. Atcherley, the latter of whom stated, that the daughter had always conducted herself in a very becoming and virtuous manner, and that she was the last woman whose chastity he should have suspected. The judge, in his summing up, stated, that the plea of the defendant was one of the most infamous and audacious he had ever seen on a record, and that it greatly aggravated the case. The jury found a verdict for the plaintiff—damages 1000l.

JONES v. JONES.

This was a case highly interesting both to innkeepers and travellers. It was an action brought against the defendant, who keeps the Feathers Inn, at Wrexham, for the recovery of 400l. the amount of bank-notes stolen from an inside waistcoat pocket of the plaintiff's servant, while asleep at the above inn, in the month of November last. The jury, under the direction of the learned judge, as to the law of the case, found a verdict for the plaintiff to the full amount of the loss, 400l.

BEST MODE *of* COOKING POTATOES.

TO THE PRINTER,

SIR,

IF the numerous advantages which would result from the general use of the common potatoe, were sufficiently understood, we should have more than a temporary substitute for the grain of wheat, as the nutritive property of that inestimable root, and the numerous methods of preparing it for food, would be such as to exclude wheat from being any longer considered as an indispensable necessary of life, even in this kingdom, where the prejudices of the people against the introduction

duction of any substitute for wheat, appear to be more strongly rooted, than in any other nation upon earth.

As this is my opinion of the real utility of the potatoe, I am induced to undertake the solution of the question, "Is boiling or roasting the most economical mode of cooking the potatoe?"—in order that, if one or other of these processes should prove to be exceedingly extravagant, we may relinquish the practice, and thus in future guard against the crime of unmeaning wastefulness; a crime which, though little thought of, and not sufficiently exposed to public censure, is daily, and even hourly committed by the giddy and the thoughtless, to the incalculable injury of the needy poor.

In no instance is this unnecessary wastefulness more conspicuous, than in the daily operations of cooking the common articles of our food, in which the poor themselves are continually, though sometimes unintentionally committing this crime, the effects of which can fall only upon their own heads, and that too, at the very time it is committed. I would I had the ability to wield the pen with such irresistible power, as to command what I write to be felt, to enable me to impress upon the minds of those whom in this world it most concerns, this simple truth, that by unmeaning wastefulness, the poor sin against themselves!

Experiment 1.—Four potatoes, of the sort called here Captain Hart, weighing 3607 grains, were put into a saucepan with cold water, which was made to boil in five minutes, and kept simmering at a boiling heat, for an hour. The water was then poured off, and the saucepan, with the potatoes, again set over the fire for two minutes, to evaporate the moisture from the external surface of the potatoes. They were now taken out and weighed, whilst quite hot, and were found to weigh 3562 grains, having lost 45 grains. When they were cool enough to be handled, and ceased to give out any vapour in the temperature of the air in the room, which was 54° Fahr. they were again put into the balance, and weighed 3550 grains, having now lost 57 grains of their original weight. They were afterwards placed in a cellar for twelve hours, and then weighed 3527 grains, having lost in the whole, by being boiled, eighty grains. Thus we find that the potatoe, cooked for the table, by boiling loses little more than two per cent of its weight.

But in another experiment which I made by boiling a single potatoe, which weighed 1300 grains, it lost only 10 grains after being boiled for an hour, and then cooled in a cellar for twelve hours.

I confess that these experiments rather surprised me, as I had suspected a priori, that the root would have lost more in weight by boiling, and that it would afterwards have absorbed moisture from the air of a damp cellar. Hence we learn the

folly of remaining satisfied with mere suppositions, when it is so easy a matter to ascertain and establish facts by direct experiments.

The water in which the potatoes were boiled, acquired the colour of an infusion of green-tea, and contained some mucilage or gum in solution, which gave it something of the flavour of high dried malt. The extractive matter which the water at first dissolved, was afterwards coagulated by the heat, one portion precipitating to the bottom, while the other formed a scum upon the surface of the fluid. If this liquor be freed from the extractive, by filtering it through fine linen, it becomes a wholesome and nutritious fluid, not possessing the least deleterious property, as has been commonly attributed to it. But I shall have occasion, at another time, to notice the qualities of this fluid, when treating of the infusion of raw potatoes.

Experiment 2.—A Captain Hart potatoe, weighing 1220 grains, was placed under hot embers, and roasted for an hour, but it was not thoroughly cooked. It weighed, whilst hot, 1028 grains, and after being placed in a cellar for twelve hours, it weighed 1010 grains, having lost in the whole, though not sufficiently cooked, 210 grains, being rather more than one-sixth, or not quite 20 per cent. of its original weight.

Experiment 3.—A Captain Hart potatoe, weighing 1198 grains, was covered with hot embers, and roasted for an hour and a half, when it was found to be thoroughly cooked. Before it was quite cold, it weighed 818 grains, having lost by roasting 380 grains! Being then placed in a cellar for twelve hours, it imbibed four grains of moisture from the damp air of the cellar, weighing now 822 grains.

From this last experiment we learn, that when the potatoe is cooked by roasting, it losses nearly one third, or almost forty per cent. of the original weight of the root; an enormous waste! which added to the thick hard dry indigestible surface of the roasted potatoe, that is generally left as refuse; the want of economy is so prodigious, that especially in these times, this mode of cooking that nutritious vegetable, ought not to be tolerated, even at the tables of the opulent.

Where is the poor man, whose family having gleaned one hundred measures of wheat, who would cast forty of them into the river, and reserve sixty only for the supply of himself and family?

Or what should we think of the rich man, who having purchased a hundred bushels of meal, were to order forty of them to be buried under a dunghill, lest they should afford nutriment to the needy around him? Yet as great an absurdity as

these, is the unmeaning wastefulness of roasting the invaluable root of the potatoe.

Your's, &c.
W. SKRIMSHIRE, Jun.

Wisbech, February 21, 1809.

AN ANECDOTE.

HOGARTH, upon setting up his carriage, paid a visit to the lord mayor, and having protracted his stay 'till a heavy shower came on, he was led out by a different door from that which he entered, and, unmindful of his carriage, he set off on foot, and got home dripping wet.

When Mrs. Hogarth asked him where he had left his carriage? "He said, he had forgot it."

MARRIAGE LIFE.

THE following is the very curious account given in an old French novel, called Le Doyen de Killerane, T. 6. p. 230.

"You cannot conceive how great the force of habit is between two people, who for a length of time have used the same house, the same table, the same occupations, the same pleasures; and who, in short, passing day and night without scarcely a moment's separation, have learnt mutually to discover their faults, to take no notice of them, to consider themselves as removed from all kinds of *bienseances* and constraints; to have a right to speak or to be silent, when they please; never to disguise their thoughts; and have their pleasures and pains in common. It is not interest which thus connects them, for they could lead an easy life separate; it is not precisely a taste for the same pleasures, for they do not expect any very lively, and one half of their time is passed in finding out the fallacy of every thing which bears that name. It is not inclination for good living; for if they had every thing upon the table, they have not a grain more appetite, and very often they leave it, without having touched the finest dishes; it is still less love, for they see one another without desire, and part without pain; it scarcely happens that they even use one kind expression, or the simple attentions which they pay to the greatest stranger; and though they occupy the same bed, they commonly lie down, and get up with perfect indifference. Nevertheless try, if you think it possible, to make them live apart; they will laugh at your efforts."

Answer, by S. R. of Hinton St. George, to R. Loosemore's Rebus, inserted February 6.

EPHEMERA, the short-liv'd fly,
Your rebus solves, as I descry.

☞ We have received the like answer from W. D. Champion, and John Trood, of Bridgewater; Philo Musæus, of Yeovil; W. B. of Taunton; T. Hawken, of Camelford; C. Crews, of Newton Abbot; G. A. F. Arden, of South Petherton; J. W. of Charmouth; J. Colley, of St. German's; J. Ball, and J. French, at Evershot school; J. Woodman, of North Curry; G. S of Egg Buckland; W. Knight, near Bridgewater; T. Pearse, of Chard; and W. Lawrence, and N. Gribbell, of Plymouth.

Answer, by J. Price, of Yeovil, to W. Kent's Charade, inserted February 6.

IN your charade I clearly view
The town you mean is MARKET-JEW.

†‡† Similar answers have been received from W. Lawrence, and N. Gribbell, of Plymouth; L. N. Philo Musæus, of Yeovil; J. W. of Charmouth; S. Tucker, of Bugford; J. Melhuish, of Honiton; R. Sibly, of Roach; G. Caines, of Lionsgate; T. Pearse, and S. Palmer, of Chard; D. G. of Hinton St. George; W. D. Champion, and H. B. of Bridgewater; J. Colley, of St. German's; W. B. of Taunton; John Woodman, of North Curry; T. Hawken, of Camelford; G. S. of Egg Buckland; and R. Loosemore, of Tiverton.

A CHARADE, *by J. A. Dyer, of Taunton.*

YE gents. well skill'd in anagramick lore,
A precious stone you'll first of all explore;
Then add a letter, and transpose aright,
A useful grain will then appear in sight.

A CHARADE, *by Adrianus.*

MY first doth fertilize the soil,
Clothing the fields and lawns with green;
My next you may ascend with toil,
From whence a lovely prospect's seen.
Bright chantioleer, with aspect bold,
Dominion o'er my whole doth hold.

A REBUS, *by J. Melhuish, of Honiton.*

YE witty bards of riddling fame,
A num'ral I would have you name,
Which will my first explain;
My second taught my early youth
The paths of virtue and of truth,
Nor taught, I trust, in vain;
When of this part you are aware,
The same I pray transpose with care,
Then with each other vie,
To shew what cares my whole attend,
What 'tis to be without a friend,
And unregretted die.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE BANKS OF THE PARRET.

HAIL sweet Parret! lovely river!
I admire thy beauties ever;
As retir'd from bustling care,
I take a ramble with my fair;
Here we oft, at evening mild,
View thy current, rushing wild;
While the moon, with radiance bright,
Throws around her silvery light;
Then as on thy banks we rove,
I breathe my tender vows of love;
Or as on some friendly seat,
We sit awhile to rest our feet;
From our minds is banish'd care,
Nought but love can revel there;
Pleas'd, how long we've often sat,
And past the time in rapt'rous chat;
View'd the river, view'd the moon,
Fearing she would set too soon:

How oft, in childhood's halcyon days,
Beneath the sun's meridian rays,
I've on thy banks, with baited hooks,
Decoy'd the little eels and flooks!
I've watch'd the cork with anxious eyes,
Eager to seize the trembling prize;
Which having done, again I've plied,
The subtle snare; again I've tried
To catch the unsuspecting prey,
And thus have done 'till Phœbus' ray
No longer shone, but in the west,
Like others had retir'd to rest;
Or on other climes to smile,
Far from Albion's happy isle.

Let misers spend their hours of leisure,
In counting o'er their sordid treasure;
In alehouses let drunken sots
Amuse themselves with pipes and pots;
Let grovelling souls set by the fire,
Thy charms, sweet Parret! I'll admire!
I'll trace thy banks, how sweet the scene!
How halcyon, transient, and serene!
Now thy rushing tide I hear
Strike upon my ravish'd ear;
Lo! it comes, in forms grotesque,
Majestic, grand, and picturesque!
How bright the prospect! Oh how charming!
Every tender fibre warming!

Now th' impetuous flood is gone,
And I now am left alone;

Now

Now above, an envious cloud
Does the moon's resplendence shroud;
Now how dismal, dark, and drear,
Does the murky scene appear!
Oh Cynthia! do thy reign resume,
Dispel th' insufferable gloom.
Again thy rays do faintly gleam,
Quivering on the glassy stream;
Now thou shinest bright and brighter,
And my heart grows light and lighter:
Lo! between yon spreading trees,
Wafted by the zephyr's breeze,
Commerce shews her bellying sails,
While mirth on board each ship prevails,
And the stately vessels glide
Majestic o'er the flowing tide.

The seaman, destin'd long to part
From the dear object of his heart,
Now with anxious expectation,
(His flutt'ring heart all palpitation.)
Seeing safe his vessel moor'd,
And with cables well secur'd,
Takes the boat, and plies the oar,
To obtain the wish'd-for shore;
By his efforts he succeeds;
To his charmer soon he speeds;
There, in love all cares forgot,
And real bliss is then his lot.

Had envy ever been a guest
Within my unsuspecting breast,
I should envy him the bliss
He'll feel at such a time as this,
With his lovely girl to roam,
And taste with her the joys of home;
Recounting, by the billows tost,
How near his ship was being lost!
How kept by adverse winds and weather,
He staid in port for weeks together!
And how, when on the sea at last,
His ship was driven by the blast,
Causing by his tale of woe
The sympathetic tear to flow,
To wipe it off with a sweet kiss,
And drown past dangers in his bliss.

Cynthia! I have staid too long;
Fain would I my walk prolong;
But that thou from me dost fly
To hide thee in the western sky.
Enchanting river! now adieu
'Till my visit I renew!
Never will I cease to sing,
The varying charms which thou dost bring.

Bridgewater, March, 1809. W. D. CHAMPION.

EPITAPH ON A MISER.

HERE lies old Gripus, let him lie,
Disturb him not I pray;
He's safe immur'd, as was his gold,
And death has took the key.